

WAR DEPARTMENT

Captain S. M. Robinson
A.P.O. 716

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OFFICIAL BUSINESS.

Mrs. Stewart MacMaster Robinson,

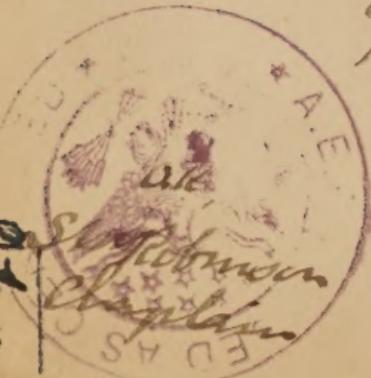
% Prof. John C. Parker,

1820 Norway Road,

22 Ann Arbor,

Michigan, U.S.A.

Nov 6
1918



November 5 1918

Dearest Sweetheart,

Am now stationed at [redacted] back where I began in this blessed country. It seems odd to be here. Chaplain Gates who has been seventeen years in the army as a chaplain has charge of all this section and I will apparently have some very pleasant work under him. The A.P.O. 716 is quite sufficient address to reach me. I wired it so we might have that added time advantage. My mail will soon be catching up with me from behind.

But I am now full of a great hope and a subtle hunch that I will be with you for Thanksgiving!! A very simple pushing of the ball at the psychological moment landed me here. Today Chaplain Gates went to Paris for three days for a conference with Bishop Brent and I promptly slipped in his pocket for delivering a letter to that Right Reverend gentleman putting the question of a transfer to

the U.S.A. up ² him. I told Yale what I was doing and explained the whole thing as I presented it to Brent. It was favorable and I hope will put in a word for me. So the way the thing stands looks good to me. The war is about to end any moment. That adds to the easiness of it and it would be great to slip out just at the end and avoid the tediousness of waiting with the troops. We can use the time getting ready to sneak back to Paris for our fellowship. I really will have to come home for a while before doing the year. A lot of details need to be fixed and we will want to get set as it were and I believe it would add zest to the affair to go from home together. Think of sailing the seas in peace to go to Paris for a year of study and seeing France together!

I don't hardly know why but I have had a feeling that we would do have Thanksgiving together. The hardest part of getting to you has been done. Here the ships

lie down in the harbor very merrily and the sunset this evening, a wonderful one, gave me a kind of joyful sensation of the heart that seemed to promise much. Well we shall see how God works out His plans. I guess I told you that S. H. L. sent a request for me to mention any chaplains of mine who needed a rest and that I appended my little plea to the letter when it looked very well and yet I did not claim exactly a rest because I said I was hardly that bad off. But within a week my order of transfer came and it brought me here, ~~the~~ the most opportune of places for a fellow wanting to be on his way home. I might have been sent to a hundred places from which it would have been a real job to get out of.

Had lunch and tea yesterday, ^{in Paris} with Ted Briggs & Ruth Curtis Briggs. It was a very happy occasion. They were so sorry there was not some way by which they could have found me to marry them but they seemed to be duly wed and all is now

a.k. Ruth certainly is a delightful girl. She is one of these genuine girls who is just thoroughly adorable. They went to England this morning.

Pop Cory is "missing," has been since Sept 22 1918. The details seem to point to his capture. The Red Cross in Switzerland are working on it. I would not write this to Rochester folks yet. I have not written the Corys myself. There are more authoritative channels and it is better not to start rumors. But his being "missing" is no rumor. His machine gun outfit was supporting a trench raid of one of our regiments and on the return they were seen to stop to set up their guns and then disappeared. Dear dopeless Pop. I hope he is all right. Tom is sick, also slightly gassed but lucky and all right. Treasure this also in your bosom for long consumption. It was some little war we had. Your husband is o.k. in every particular, and very thankful, for I know now that God takes care of His own. A session had with some of Fritz's heavy shell fire convinced

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me of that. But you would have laughed to have seen me the first time I got into a zone where the Boche was dropping them. A more thoroughly scared kid you never saw. But all this is now ancient history, and it was never as frightful as you will probably picture it to yourself. Hope to tell it all in your pink and attention ear ere long. That will be a great seance - so?

Give my love to the Parker clan. I hope I shall be so fortunate as to get out to see them when I return. I will feel like calling on everybody just to enjoy the sensation of seeing loved ones again. But if this present job has to continue some while yet it is the softest yet and I am delighted with it. But the ships and sunset calls me back over the waste of waters to my own home - you hear and I feel that very soon I shall be coming. Someone down stairs is playing an old waltz tune that they played at the wedding of Mary and Dick.

Love you,

November 6 1918

Dearest Sweetheart,

My first day here was most ^{some} assy. Had one funeral and that was all. Spent ^{of} p.m. nosing around talking to the men. Find that to be a good way, just sort of be around ready to listen. It seems strange to be in a town that is not all knocked to pieces, and has lights at night with no precautions taken against bombs. Another chaplain here and I dropped into a movie show after supper. They had American films and I laughed more than I have all summer.

As we walked out to supper, I saw the new little crescent moon and I felt a leap of my spirit as the thought involuntarily struck me, "I'll be home at the next new moon". It was a sort of premonition to I do believe. And somehow every day, or rather all today, I have been about with the feeling that very shortly my ship will be sailing westward towards the beautiful sunsets and you. Upon seeing a couple of attractive little souvenirs I have almost said aloud to my companion - "well before I go back I'll pick this up." I have the hope to be with you for Thanksgiving, but it may be Christmas, yet why not Thankogiving, the

has been the time the "feeling" has pointed to. I think the war will be over in a week, and if I am soon after on my way home, upon getting home I think I shall resign from the army. I would not so long as the war lasts however. But once the war is over I think the quicker preachers can get back on the job at the civil end of the game the better. They can help prepare the home folks for what is about to happen to them.

I suppose! you would slide down to Phila. when I drop in the U. S. A. now these days. The folks will want to be in on the reunion and you will enjoy it then if I am there too! so? That would be a great Thanksgiving with peace in the world again and me home with you and you well and happy. I have a hope and prayer and a feeling in my bones that such will be the blessed gift of God to us.

Then I hope we can make arrangements to come back again to Paris and spend a year or part thereof in study. The whole prospect is very bright and happy. And because Christ lives we may always dare to hope and pray for the very most happy things imaginable.

I love you.
Stewart.

November 8 1918

Dearest Sweetheart and Folks,

The town was all lit up last night under the impression that we had achieved unto a state of peace. But the sober dawn seemed to bring the fact that peace was only imminent. But I think a very few days will do the trick. A college classmate of mine is stationed here and I looked him up. We celebrated together. It seemed fine to have somebody you knew real well around. We ran into an Ensign from one of the ships in port. He was in 1917 and rowed on the crew. But such meetings are rather common over here.

This classmate has become acquainted with some of the American feminine personnel of our army. The particular ones are the phone operators. There are ten stationed here. Some are telephone girls of yore but two are in it for the war only. One named Robinson from Philadelphia 20th & Walnut (oddly enough) and one from the University of California named Van Brunt. She is a peach, looks a good bit like Sarah Bernhardt, and Jim Kennedy, the classmate, seems to be quite stuck on her. We stopped around to see them at the J.W. Rosleis House where they are living.

I suppose all these people who have been stationed here during the war will go home

thinking they have seen the war. But I am very
thankful my lot fell with a fighting division.
[I suppose some of my regimental chaplains will
say "I suppose Hobmeyer back at division
headquarters thinks he saw some real war."] Well
so it goes. Once in a while I feel sort of sorry I
have no wound chevron on my arm. That is
I have been at times until I learn what is
the matter with some individual who does wear
one, and then I am thankful to be excused.
A wound of slight consequence is one of those things that
is thrust upon you. It is only a man's breath between
noweat all and a funeral. Rather I never some of the
lads I buried will ever wear the chevron. I am
glad I am on my side of the dividing line.

There was quite a wave of influenza here a
month ago but it has all died down. I hope it
has not with you folks too. The work here will not be
very arduous and I hope it will not be for long
that it lasts. My boss returns tomorrow from Paris
where he has been in conference with Bishop Brent
and maybe incidentally he will bring some word
about my chances for making a get-away from
here are. I don't see any reason why Bishop Brent
would not be very favorable. The only hitch I can
imagine is some technical rulings about transferring
men back and forth between the U.S. and here. But
if you get word that I am coming, then is the
time to get Uncle George on the trail of his pal the

Acting Adjutant general of the Army and get me
assigned in the U.S.A. to whatever place you want
me. If Sir has a division in training there to stay
there all right unless said div. is about to fly over
here. But personally I don't believe there will be any
more troops coming this way when I land there and
I only hope I can beat the rush. But you can
pick out any location you like for me. Have me
assigned to Philadelphia Arsenal if you want to,
but then I suppose Birrell would be afraid I
would blow up.

I have quite a goodly company of books about
me and I know if I have to stay here all winter I will
become a regular old book worm. I called at the
hospital this afternoon. The bunch there are nothing
sick. I don't think my strong point is getting insurance
a crowd of strangers and giving them all the glad hand.
You would be amused and edified to see me do it,
however, upon occasion.

But I hope and pray that things will work
out right and so I can get on one of these boats out
here and sail back to you during this armistice.
I'll bet the boys at the front don't unload their guns
during the whole time. You can't trust the Hun at
all. The truth is not in him. Sorry to see the Republicans
get Congress, but the old one was a pretty poor one,
probably the potteries all stayed, they usually do.

Also Teddy R. is a dead one. Hardly ever hear a
good word for him here - which is strange for the army to
meets of the little brains going. Look at the Glengary, Stewart

November 10 1918

Dearest Sweetheart of Mine,

Sunday afternoon. I preached this morning in the YM Hub. There is such an abundance of speakers, however, that I will not have a job this evening. Believe me, this is a different place from the front! In many ways I do not like it, although I think after a bit I can get some very good things going. But I notice that back here everybody allows very trivial things to trouble them. Yesterday they had a Norwegian violinist who was a wonder, playing at the hub for the men. The carpenters were at work at the far end and after a couple of attempts he quit. His artistic temperament could not stand the strain of the hammering. Well had we been in a drawing room and that noise had been going on. He might have had reason to feel annoyed. When he came off the stage, I innocently? remarked how thankful he ought to be that it was not

"nine point two" shells that were bothering him.
I guess he did not like that much.

Had luncheon today with one Miss Pitcher a gray haired English lady. She is a young canteen worker here. She had nine brothers, seven of whom have been at different times in the British Army. She is a sort of world citizen and has been in recent years the chaperone of some New York girls, the Harrimans who were doing some fancy studying in Paris and Rome. She was in Germany for some months as a war prisoner. She works at this hut which is in my parish here. The feed she had was splendid. Three of these canteeners have a very nice apartment fixed up in rather palatial style. I expect some one or two of them have means, in fact I believe one of them is Miss Morgan whose daddy is Morgan's banking partner. That is how these dames are winning the war. It is the great feature of this funny army that you bump against very unusual people doing very unusual things. It is a good discipline in the golden rule you preach to us about not drawing hasty conclusions about folks.

Being here in Brazil I rather expect to bump against Esther one of these days. Perhaps they have called her home off on account of the war being over? That would be too bad. She should have thought of it earlier in the game. One ym canteen worker had the pleasure of giving Don a cup of coffee in the dressing station and taking his message for me as he was ship'd into an ambulance. Now it was a cruel fate or a wise providence that prevented Esther from being that there girl so? But don will be o.k. before long and on deck to be taken care of again, but not in the war game, at least not in this war, for this war is over. However, Sis may find a man in this pilgrimage of hers. There are plenty of them here and all are interested in girls especially American girls. Sometimes I think that about all some of the ym secretaries do here is to escort y.m. ladies about.

Read the book of Ezra this afternoon. It interested me so greatly that I had the idea that some day I should like to write a story

using Ezra and its hundred books hebrewish
Haggai & Zechariah as a background and
also getting from contemporary ancient history
what else I needed. Such a story would
make a good way for a young person to get
interested in Bible history. I guess my hobby
will be Bible education. I think that is one
of the things we are most in need of. intelligent
Bible study that is prosecuted with a serious
purpose and at the expense of a little hard
work. Perhaps, however, you could write the
story better than I could when I had
supplied you with the facts, stage setting so
to speak. I fear I have not enough imagination
to swing a very exciting story, although there
are a good many slight references in Ezra
that suggest rather stirring episodes.

The worst of this work that comes down
in the army is its multiplicity, many kinds
of detail. Here it will be better than at the
front. But even here from now on it will
be pretty unsettled. Although I imagine it
has been fairly regular. That is you have
a settled place of work, to same people and

means to do with. As it has been it was impossible to plan ahead a day because an hour might and frequently did change the whole outlook. Then mostly there was nothing to work with. So really one had to try to be just as much as he could and try to overflow help, cheer and all moment by moment wherever one was standing at the time. But such being does not produce a whole heap of visible results which we moderns crave so much. In fact it is hard at times not to be discouraged and wish for a job at a little desk, where your work was piled on one tray and as you wrote or read or added you could pile it over on the other tray and when the pile was gone you were through. But I guess to a rather large degree this invisible work will be ours for life. Once in a while, however, some little tribute is paid to something you have done thus by the way and that helps along for a good while.

Now I have hopes of settling down after a winter's study in Paris. I want to get home now as quickly as may be to make our

arrangements. Of course the time we are in Paris will be settled enough. I know that life itself after all is nothing more than a series of things, and that all we do we must do when we can, but this war business is especially and profoundly unsettled. Then after this last fit of study do I hope we can find a work and at least for a decade or so settle down. You, poor Kiddie have had it worse than I by a lot, although I have had a hell condensed for me this summer. I have that bone-sick feeling you used to talk about for my own own home, where the tables, chairs, books and andirons are common and nobody's else. I envy in a way that far away country house where some folks live by their own fire sides for years and years.

Well - I've left - I am very bright and hopeful about it all. Perhaps in a couple of weeks or so I may be with you. It will not take me long to start once I get ordered out of here, you bet.

Give my best love to all there, John, and Elizabeth and John and Mary Elizabeth, dear folks. I should love to beautify you all this very evening.

I love you.
Stewart

Chaplain S. W. Robbins
A. P. D. 716

Soldier's Mail

Mr. Stewart MacMaster
% Prof. John C. Parker,
180 Norway Road,
Ann Arbor,
Michigan,
U. S. A.



November 13 1918

Dearest Sweetheart,

The days are hastening past. They are quiet days. The war is over at last. Very such a time as they had around here. The whole land and I guess the world feels as if a great weight had been lifted from it. I guess we ought not to let much of anything worry us now that the curse has been lifted. Reports tonight say that the Crown Prince met a most fitting death at the hands of his soldiers. I am glad that like men, who perhaps suffered the greatest wrong in having their souls blunted by his domination, had the killing of him. We are rid of the pest at all events. Now if any one will do the same for Wilhelm and all his brood. Perhaps the Empress who wanted to dip herself in the blood of the French will not escape the guards who are now watching her.

On Monday evening they had a dance here to which I went. I did not dance much owing partly to an internal discombobulation known to medicine as dia-- and to the heavy trench boots which happen to be all

If we just now. The rest of my clothes are
stowed and I am expecting them to reach
me here someday. There were a lot of very pretty
American girls there. I had no idea so many
were over here in all kinds of work. There
are young women - army telephonists (my
companion was such, the Phila. name sake
whose uncle is the new admiral here)
Red Cross - Y.M. - Army nurses etc. but
Mrs. Pleasance Pennington (rather odd
and interesting name) née Miss Damrosch
whose dad runs the orchestra. She sells
stuff in the Navy if you can't find here.
Had tea yesterday & met the two Marjorie
girls who it seems work in the Y.M.
but which is in my pastoral present.
They have mostly lived in Paris and I
only the beautiful French may speak
It just follows along. Elizabeth Bullock
can do it that way. I guess you have to
stay on the job some little while to get
it down fine enough to make it worth while.
But I think in a year with cultivation you
and I could do a lot with it living in

Paris. This town is in Brittany which is
quaint enough and all that but dreadfully
bad on the nose. They never had a sewer in
the place and the streets are mostly very
steep so you encounter regular young
torrents of ill smelling liquid coming
dashing down upon you. The city has a
great wall, a moat and elaborate fortifications
of an ancient pattern and all unused
now, but very picturesque all the same.

I went down into the old harbor
fortifications the other day. I saw some of
the wall that the Romans built. It was finely
made and as good today as ever. The place
was full of dungeons and such. We went
down where the cells were, away down into
the blackest of pits. The cell entrance was
a narrow slit which was sealed up after
the prisoner was in. A small square hole
in the roof high above his head allowed
them to let down his food. The floor
was earth with puddles of water on it.
In one such pitch black cell we saw

where one prisoner had dug a great hole in
the ground with his bare hands during the
seven months that he lived after being incarcerated.

The prize place was a long stone chimney
some forty feet long down which they dropped
the victim. At the bottom under the mouth of
the chimney were arranged upturned knives
and spear points upon which the poor ones
landed. Then they had a couple of traps
so arranged that when opened water came
in and swept the body out into the ocean.
Brittany must have been a nice place to visit
in the old days especially if you were not an
altogether welcome guest. After that trip I felt
a little fit encouragement. Our XXth century
we have come ahead a tiny bit perhaps in
some things.

I'm curiously awaiting Bishop Brent's reply
to my letter. I don't know how the new law in affairs
will affect me. But it must hasten the day when we
can be finally through with the army and go
on having done our bit. It was only a little after
all that was asked of us. So we will be cheerful
and very hopeful for Thanksgiving together -

I love you Stewart.

Chaplain S.H. Robinson,
A.P.O. 716.

Soldier's Mail



Mrs. Stewart MacMaster Robinson,
Mrs. W. Courtland Robinson,
3504 Baring Street,
Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania,
U.S.A.



Base Chaplain's Office
A. P. O. 716
November 15, 1918.

dear Folks,

Well the war is over and Bunny need no longer worry about me, not even when I am sailing back across the ocean. That will be much nicer than it was on the trip over. Guess everyone feels very thankful about it. Since I have been here no mail from home has caught up with me but in a few days I shall begin to expect some letters direct because I cabled my address to Alexander Brothers the day I reached here. It is rather hard to sit around this port working and see the ships go out for home and see the many different kinds of officers returning. I have written to Bishop Brent asking to be transferred but have not yet had any answer from him. It is hardly time to hear. I expect the recent developments through him off his schedule like the rest and he has probably been busy enough. I understand that Moody is in the States and you have possibly gotten in touch with him by this time. After I get home I may want to come back and study but I

want to come home first and make the next
decision from that end. Probably it will be
possible to resign over there before long. I
don't want to stay in this business any
longer than is necessary. While I am not
so particularly in love with my job right
here I think it was a good thing that I
left the division when I did if I want to get
out of the whole thing at an early date. Because
once the war was over had I been with the
division there would be the strong incentive to
stay so as not to seem to leave the bunch
in the lurch when the tedious time of waiting
had come. Now it is I just missed the end by
ten days. They would have been ten very
interesting days to be sure but not radically
different from many that I have seen and
at the end I might be looking forward to
a winter in the Black town doing police
duty, a fit I do not crave. Pending going home,
this place is all that could be asked for. It
is right handy to the boat and any day the
order may come. My suggestion to leave the
division did not take long to materialize. And

I had sort of stopped expecting that. I mean it came along almost before I had any idea it would come. But I realize this next move may be a harder one to negotiate. There may be a lot of technicalities about going to the States. If you are sick or incompetent the thing is easy but fortunately I am in neither case and am hardly willing to get in either to go.

But I have had the hope and the prayer that I might have Thanksgiving with you all. If you get word that I am on the way you must get Anne MacGregor to Philadelphia for the occasion. I'll preach the sermon for Fox on Thanksgiving if he has it to do. I guess it would not be a very hard task to do. My, it would be great if I could be there by then. As the days go past my heart fails me at times and I fear I don't have all the faith I should have in my prayers but I try and this is yet time. Once the order comes there will be some cloud of dust about these streets. A classmate of mine has quite a bit to do with getting one off and I would have all his help. Roads of love. I love you all.

A. P. O. 716, A. E. F.
November 25, 1918.

Dearest Sweetheart and Folks,

It looks now as if I could hardly get to Philadelphia before the day set by the President for Thanksgiving. Perhaps the interpretation of my premonition that I would be home for Thanksgiving is this, that the day I arrive will be Thanksgiving whenever it comes. As I have written you, I communicated with Bishop Brent my desire to come home, so that I might be near Anne MacGregor now when she is particularly lonely. I received from the Bishop a beautiful letter of sympathy, and the promise that he would make every effort to get me back at the earliest opportunity. This is very hopeful news indeed, for he has a strong hold on the powers that be in this army, and he is at the center of the works besides. Transports are going back all the while now, and the chaplains' office has had it on their mind to arrange a sort of pool of chaplains at the different ports and feed them into the boats as the need for them arose, with the idea that the chaplain should be ship chaplain on the voyage, but not return. A week ago a transport was ready to sail with wounded and there was no chaplain of either the army or navy aboard. I smelled out the situation by going out to said ship on a dispatch boat. I thought my day had come, and I was full of high hopes of really arriving for the twenty eighth, for that would have made it and to spare. Chaplain Yates the senior base chaplain wired recommending me for this job of taking her over, and I sent in a private request to the chaplains' office for the same. You can imagine how eagerly I waited for the answer. I really expected to get off. The fact that the ship was there at that time needing a chaplain, seemed like a providential provision for my need. But that same night of perhaps the next morning an answer came from the office chaplain at headquarters that they had not as yet any authority for assigning a chaplain to that duty, but would let us know when they could. I wired then asking if a straight transfer to the States could not be given without becoming a transport chaplain even for the trip, but to go over as a passenger. A few days ago the Bishop wired me that it was impossible to go over unless attached to a unit of troops who were going, and he added "am assigning you to the _____". The reasonable interpretation of that was that this bunch are about to go home, and the Bishop found it out and slapped me on them. **My Xmas**

My friend of the 78th Division Col. Megill rolled into town the other day, beaming all over, because he had received a sudden order to go to the States. He sat around here with his fingers crossed and rubbing a sprig of mistletoe that a French girl had given him for good luck, (he does not pray or depend on the Lord as we do), and then his orders were changed, so he is down in the mouth a bit. He wired for me to find out where this new unit of mine is now located, and we learned. It is not very near the sea shore yet, I may say, but it may be coming. Then he went to wiring on his own behalf and I have not seen him since his answer arrived. Last evening Chaplain Yates wired again to ask about the prospect of assigning chaplains to ships, that is, whether the G.H.Q. Chaplains had succeeded in getting the permission they sought.

The funny thing about the assignment Bishop Brent gave me, is that it is the old organization to which Chaplain Yates belonged. He took quite a condescending view towards my desire to return at first. He also has not much but criticism for Bishop Brent. He has been in the regular army for seventeen years, and while he is very zealous for pure and undefiled religion, being a good southern Baptist, he is too careful of his rank, his prerogatives, rights and privileges. It is the old

army fault. Instead of trying to get the work done with the help of anybody, Y.M. of what-not, he wants all other organizations to acknowledge his superiority to them before he begins. We youngsters at the game are a little too ready to cooperate with the Y.M. and even to praise and defend them at times, to suit him. Well, when Chaplain Yates heard that I had been assigned to his old outfit with the plain implication therein that we were all to go home, his whole attitude changed. He wondered how I got the appointment. I told him that I had no idea. I have always stuck up for Bishop Brent through thick and thin. He is accused of pushing the Episcopalian and never forgetting that he is an Episcopalian. The old army chaplains resent the fact that he a civilian should have been put at the head of the works, and they are up in the air about the uniform ruling that Brent approved making chaplains wear the cross on the shoulder and no bars indicating rank. And although it is the law Yates still wears his captain's bars, and a couple of the priests do also. I think I got my original drag with Brent by being pretty good friends with Allen Evans and Bryan McCormick. They were rather the king pins, with Brent when we landed here, and I got some of their reflected glory. Then when we were up north with the British, I got in with the Church of England chaplains who thought the world of Brent, and whom he knew well. He is a great Anglican.

Now I think Yates wants to move everything to get back to his old post which I am about to ~~be~~ ordered to, and get me on a transport job. So long as I get home quickly it does not matter to me, but I was tickled to see him warm up to the idea of going home. I have his number now I think. He promptly wired to see if he could not now assign us to transports.

A couple of days ago some sixty more chaplains came over. The woods are full of them now. All they have to do is cheer, but I am in favor of letting them "take over" the line now, while I for one go home. My old division did not go along to be policeman for the Hun, and I am just as well pleased that I did not stay around. Then too, I do not think there would be much uplift in this army of occupation business. I should want to have my drinking water sent from home.

I received some letters here this week, and last week too. A little bundle rolls in about that often. Am living now up in Casemate Fautras an old French Barracks. It is a simple old place as far as fancy wall paper and frilled curtains go, but my mess is only fifty feet from my bed and with about twelve chaplains in this burg, my work is not overstraining me. The A.E.F. could spare me all right, but they work by rule, and you have to wait a deal in the army. But I feel that we can afford to be very patient these days. The war is over. All France is as safe as dear Delhi, and the boys will be coming bays as rapidly as they can be moved. Just now things are being held in a state of quiet preparedness. We do not want the Hun to slip anything over on us now. He is in a bad way, but while there is life in his sneaking hide there is deviltry there too. "Good Germans" over here are dead ones. You used to hear some one say, he saw some "good Boche", and you knew they were stiff and cold. I am inclined to agree with that, the more I see of them. Dr. Stevie is in Paris. A Stevenson from California is the religious work director here for the Y.M. He seemed like a good chap when I called on him. Fieldmouseface may remember one Fetch of Columbus who had a church down around Third and Broad streets. He is here also. Not too much of a guy on the whole. I mean, just a poor preacher who came over here because it offered a good chance to get away from his job and not starve. There are a lot of them here for that reason I think, chaplains too.

Have been wondering whether Esther has come over yet. If I have

to go to this new bunch, it will mean a passage through Paris, and that will be about Thanksgiving Day I guess, if I have to go. It will be a poor substitute for home, believe me, but there are some folks there, and I may be able to have a meal with Dr. Stevie, the Baldwins, and certainly Esther if she is there. I ran across Dri Davis the last time and arranged to lunch with him, but I ran into Ted Briggs and Ruth Curtis who had just been married and so promptly cut Dri and had lunch with them.

A Princeton of Philadelphia person shows up here every day or so. Found my way to the apartments of Drexel Paul the evening that we got the straight dope on the armistice. Then day before yesterday I met an old DeLancey schoolmate, Dick Warren. Had a letter from Sam Rogers, who has been here with a French regiment since the first of 1917. He drives an ambulance. It was a surprise to me find that he was a cousin of Brentie Greene. It certainly sounded oddly to read him referring to the august, pious, and saintly Professor as "Cousin Brent". I never used to call him "Brent"!

For two weeks we have had beautiful weather, but for two days now it has rained and the gossip is that this is to last all winter. It will get no colder. For the past week or two I have not been writing to you all so frequently, because I have had so certain an idea that I would soon be with you. Your cables to me go by wire to England and are mailed from there, so they are not much faster than a letter, oh some faster of course, but they do not reach me as quickly as mine to you reach you. So do not worry about my not answering cables. I will continue to cable you every few days or week or so. I have a cable all made out which says "Coming" which I have been carrying around in my pocket for a week or more, and I keen to get it off. I rather hope Anne Mac Gregor gets to you before Christmas, because it will be nice! to see her soon after I land. But if I can wire prior to sailing that I am on the way, she will have time to reach you at Philadelphia. I am glad you (Sweetheart) are out at Ann Arbor. Elizabeth and John have certainly been most lovely to us. I claim a share of their goodness has fallen upon me. It was indeed a most beautiful remembrance to tack my name on the flowers they sent. Have you received any of the knives, lace and books yet. They ought to be coming along. They were purchased away back last summer. The knives had to be made, and they were to get to you along about November. The lace was to be sent in August, the last of the month, and the books did not start until along in October or the first of November. I did not spend such a lot on books. I tried to be careful.

I fear me much that when I get back to you, my zeal for study in Paris will wane and that I will want to get a good church and go to it. The best plan will be shown us at the proper time. Dr. Warfield sent me a letter of old Dr. Doumergue, the great Calvin scholar at Montaubon, to use if I ever get the chance to be near that place. It is away down in the south, so I fear I shall not be able to use it this trip.

Give my love to everybody concerned. I am anxious to get the letters you all wrote after the armistice was signed.

Loads of love, all the world has Dearest Folks. I love you, I love you. I love you. I love you.



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NOV. 27th 1915

Dear Mr. Robinson:

It was certainly a great pleasure to meet you and to know you at Princeton. I enjoyed meeting Prof. Brown. He seems to be a splendid scholar: but more than that, he is a gentleman, genial and pleasant. I hope to see him again & discuss international problems.

We can not have international law, effective and useful, without international government. What we should strive toward would be the Federal-



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im of all the civilized nations or the League of Peace as was inaugurated last June at Philadelphia. It seems to me such an independent and individual effort as that of Mr. Ford or of Women's Peace Party would avail but little for the government is ~~as~~ ^{and} a Corporation ~~that~~ Corporation has no soul. I hope the political organization of the world will speedily be accomplished as it is the only way by which the causes of war can largely be eliminated from our midst.

With best regards to you & to Dr. Brown,

Very cordially yours,
S. S. Remond.